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VOL. I.
No. 11.

January 28,
1876.

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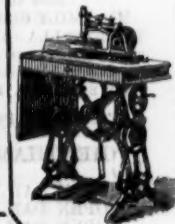
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THIS (Friday) EVENING, January 28th, 1876, at seven, GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME, Entitled BEAUTY AND THE BEAST; OR, HARLEQUIN PRINCE ASOR, And the

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BAYNES, Successor to **HUSBAND**.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 11.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE KEY-NOTE OF LIBERAL POLICY.

WHEN disappointment has been felt in many Liberal quarters that Mr. Bright, in his speech at Birmingham, on Saturday, attempted no criticism of the administrative blunders of the Government, passed so lightly over the Fugitive Slave Circular, and gave the seething ecclesiastical questions, which occupy so much of our daily attention, an entire go by. It seems to be forgotten, with respect to the latter class of questions, upon which Mr. Bright's silence has astonished and stricken with sore grief the hearts of many enthusiastic liberationists, that his entire speech to his constituents, last year, was an argument and a plea for disestablishment, and that whatever may be the ultimate fate of Mr. Osborne Morgan's Burials Bill, the solemn and eloquent utterances which Mr. Bright delivered in its support in the House of Commons, last year, will ever remain a classic in English literature. What Mr. Bright really did at Birmingham, on Saturday, in his solid and statesmanlike address, was fitted to be of far greater practical service to the Liberal party and the Liberal cause, in the present conjuncture, than the most sublime rhetorical effort could have been. He appeared rather as the counsellor than the orator, and he struck the key-note of Liberal policy. What he effect said was this: We have all grievances of which we desire to get rid—both townspeople and country-folk; but our friends in the country labour under one or more special grievances in addition to what we in the towns and they in the counties suffer in common. They are not represented; they are class-governed, and not self-governed; and the commodity by the use of which they earn their daily bread cannot be bought and sold in a free market. Let us free them, first of all, from their special burdens. Give them the fair-play we ourselves enjoy. This is the work nearest to our hand, and let nothing else divert us from the doing of it. This was wise counsel, which we believe will commend itself to the enfranchised working men in large towns, under whatsoever political designation they may at present be ranged. We trust that it will be made the test question for candidates at the election which, by the regretted decease of Mr. W. Romaine Callender, must unhappily take place in Manchester within a few days. Are you, or are you not, in favour of an equal franchise in borough and county?

dictator touchstone.

WHEN the paid agent of a political society is invited, by the clergyman of a parish, to deliver a lecture; and when the said clergyman is good enough to take the chair at the meeting where the said lecture is delivered, is it tolerable behaviour, to say nothing of good manners, that the paid agent should take the control of the meeting out of the hands of his host and chairman? We are prompted to ask this question by the report, which has come into our hands, of a meeting at Swinton last week, at which Mr. W. Touchstone discoursed for two hours and a quarter on the question, "Has the Church a right to the property in her possession?" He did so at the request of the vicar, the Rev. H. Heywood,* who naively confessed his reasons for making the request. He said that on all sides inquiries were made by members of our church, particularly with reference to the property of the Church of England, which he felt himself unable to answer satisfactorily. It is

That is to say, he discoursed at the vicar's request. We can scarcely suppose that Mr. Heywood desired Mr. Touchstone should discourse so long, the more especially as we find, from the report, that the chairman intimated to the meeting that the lecturer's long-windedness would cost four shillings to send him home in a taxicab of sixpence for an ordinary inside bus fare.

satisfactory to note, in passing, that this inquiring spirit is abroad amongst the Churchmen in Swinton, and a wholesome note of progress that it is shared by the vicar, though it is possible that Mr. Heywood might have appealed for guidance to a more reputable authority than Mr. Touchstone. But the point with which we have here to deal is not so much the truth or falsity of the lecturer's figures as his extraordinary conduct at the close of the meeting. After the lecture questions and discussion appear to have been invited, and the Rev. W. Harrison, the Unitarian minister of the place, pointing out very pithily that, it being then a quarter to ten o'clock, it would be absurd to attempt a reply to a lecture which had occupied more than two hours (and which, he might have added, was bristling with controversial points), desired to put a question to the chairman. Upon this, we are informed, Mr. Touchstone twice interrupted the speaker, and said that as he was the lecturer, and responsible for what had been said, he "could not submit to your catechising the chairman." It turned out that the question proposed was one which had nothing to do with the lecturer, but was solely for the chairman to answer, for, after it had been "put through" the former to the latter, it was found to be this: Seeing that there was no other room in the village large enough for the purpose, would the vicar permit the use of the schoolroom, in which Mr. Touchstone's lecture had been delivered, for a reply to it, to hear which Mr. Heywood and other Churchmen should be invited to attend? To this question Mr. Touchstone is reported to have thus replied: "Our chairman will do no such thing. The Vicar of Holy Trinity, Over Darwen, was disposed to allow his schoolroom to Mr. McDougall, the liberationists' lecturer, while he replied to Dr. Potter. On communicating this to me, I said: 'You must allow no such thing. Firstly, because you have no right to grant your property to the enemies of the Church; and secondly, because it would be suicidal to our party to put a knife in their (the liberationists') hands to stab us.'" There was only one pretence upon which Mr. Touchstone's impudence, in thus dictating to the vicar the course of his duty, could be defended, viz., that the vicar had asked for and accepted his advice, but from the report which follows, this does not appear to have happened. We read in the *Ecclesi Advertiser* that Mr. Heywood "did not think he should have answered the question in the same way as Mr. Touchstone had, and he did not know that he could give an answer then, but he thought the best thing would be for Mr. Harrison to get up a lecture on the other side, and to allow—if they were kind and liberal enough—their, the Church party, to attend." We cannot leave this part of the question without remarking on the transparent fairness and frankness of the vicar to all parties—qualities that were only to be expected from one of his family—and it was, therefore, all the more impertinent on the part of a stranger to bully and dictate to him, on a question peculiarly his own, in the presence of a body of parishioners who, however they may differ from his opinions, are united in respect for his personal character, and love him for his work's sake.

The scene which we have just described is notable for an interlude, in which Mr. Touchstone confessed that if the Church of England possesses property taken from the Roman Catholic Church, and transferred to her during the reign of Henry the Eighth, he should say, "Give it up." There are, no doubt, several Jesuitical ways in which Mr. Touchstone might juggle out of this statement, but there is one home question which we desire specially to press upon his attention. Nothing can be more certain than that the Collegiate Church of Manchester was founded by a pious warden, named Thomas La Warre, of whom he has doubtless heard, who attached to his foundation the condition that in the church should

daily be said prayers for the soul of the said Thomas and his ancestors, the reigning king and his ancestors, the then Bishop of Durham, and all the faithful deceased. This was distinctly a Roman Catholic use, and as distinctly not a use of the Church of England, or one which Mr. Touchstone would approve. Will he say of Thomas La Warre's endowment, "Give it up?" Mr. Touchstone's main argument at Swinton appears to have been "The Church is not State paid; not one penny comes from the State;" and he seems to have considered it to the purpose to show that, similarly, paupers are not State paid. If Mr. Touchstone derives any consolation from this reflection, he is welcome to have it. But it is somewhat odd to find from another local paper that on the following evening, in the neighbouring township of Tyldesley, Mr. William Angus, another noted ecclesiastical controversialist, devoted part of what seems to have been an exceedingly pungent and pregnant lecture to reply specially to Mr. Touchstone's argument. Mr. Angus quoted State papers to show that between 1809 and 1820 Parliament granted to the State-churches sums amounting in all to £5,207,000, partly for the building of new churches and partly for the payment of poor clergy, and that at the present day £22,000 is paid every year directly out of our taxes to the Established Church of Scotland, covering the entire expense of forty-two churches and subsidising 204 more. "And yet," says Mr. Angus, "Mr. Touchstone lives on the statement that Parliament never gave the Church a single sixpence, and keeps part of his family out of it." In a great controversy this point may be a small one, and it is no affair of ours whether Mr. Touchstone supports a part or the whole of his family out of his earnings as a lecturer; but it is of some consequence that in a question where the field of error lies between £5,000,000 paid on the nail, together with an annual grant of £22,000 still paid out of taxes, on the one hand, and a single sixpence, or as Mr. Touchstone puts it, a single penny, on the other, a controversialist should strive to be accurate.

ON THE CHOICE OF LANDLADIES.

[BY AN OLD FOOL.]

SINCE all bachelors are, as I have many times hinted, at the mercy of their landladies, it behoves them to take precautions that the bondage may be as little irksome as possible. I assert, and will maintain, that the choice of a landlady is of infinitely more importance to a single gentleman than the choice of a wife. Single men, however, as I believe, do not, as a rule, choose their wives. They drift into matrimony, or are inveigled or forced into it, and although the decision, if you like to call it so, is unavoidable, they have really had no voice in the matter. With my landlady, however, it is different. I do not take her for better or worse, that is one thing; and I do not on that account obtain over her that just and equitable control which all lucky and well-constituted bachelors obtain over their wives, as a balance against the many and grave discomforts of the married state. Bearing in mind, however, that he will have no control over his landlady, the bachelor should go about the choice with gravity and wisdom, striving to find in her, as far as possible, a person who has no need of the control which he cannot give. In the first place, all landladies have faults and failings; he will find them ready made in the mistress of those apartments just as he will find the rooms ready furnished and decorated. The two things are analogous, and have even a mysterious reflex action on one another. It would be hard to explain the connection which exists between the qualities of a woman who lets apartments and the appearance and complexion of the rooms themselves. Yet this connection does exist, and the bachelor in search of lodgings should first apply himself to the study of it. In the course of a considerable experience, during which I have picked up the scraps of wisdom which I now offer for the guidance of others, I have entered many apartments and seen many landladies, so that I am myself a living example of the necessity for some such care and providence as is recommended by me. Now, when I first enter apartments which I propose to take, I

glance all round the rooms, and if I see any samplers or texts of Scripture on the walls I do not, as a rule, come to a favourable opinion about the landlady. If there is a Bible among the books artfully arranged on the table, I condemn her at once, and go away. I do not wish to be misunderstood: it is not the Bible that I object to, but the fact of its being put there as a trap. Bachelors may take my word for it that this circumstance is an infallible sign, and forbodes plunder. The decorations on the walls must be taken in connection with the landlady's dress and figure, with which they must be furtively compared. If the landlady's dress is neat and clean, and her aspect comely, the texts may be condoned; but if, as is generally the case, they are accompanied by dowdy dress, coarse features, and an aggravating voice, those apartments should be regarded with distrust. Of the ladies who adorn their apartments with the portraits of relatives and friends, deceased or otherwise, I will discourse next week.

CHARLEY IS MY DARLING.

"The fact of the matter is that Charley has a great eye for beauty, and he kisses all the pretty girls in Salford, and there are no girls in Salford who are not pretty."—Attorney-General's Speech at the Salford Town Hall on Friday.

I.

Oh! Charley, we have heard the news
From highest legal quarters,
Of how you typify your views
With Eve's delightful daughters.
I must declare that I, for one,
Am modest with the misses,
But still it must be glorious fun,
This canvassing with kisses.
And how enchanting it must be
To represent a borough
Where all the girls are fair to see,
And each a Tory thorough.
But ah! there's something wanted yet,
Of kissing brief the bliss is—
I'll only trust that you may get
As many briefs as kisses.

II.

SUNG BY A SALFORD LASS AFTER THE PENDLETON CONSERVATIVE BULL.

Oh, I loe weel my Charley's name,
Though Radicals may abhor him,
But oh, to see the "deil's own" gang hame
Wi' a' the wigs* before him.

Over the water comes our M.P.,
And over the water comes Charley;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go
And vote or die for Charley.

A SCENE AT THE POMONA.

M. R. JAMES REILLY, the proprietor of the Pomona Palace, has been made the object, so he informs us, of a most vicious job. Someone has apparently been writing to a number of butchers, bakers, gardeners, gravestone masons, &c., requesting them to call upon Reilly, and stating that he was in immediate want of their assistance in goods. The scene at Pomona Palace one day last week, as described by a police officer, was somewhat like the following:—

Mr. Reilly [at the Palace gate]. Well, if this 'ere demonstration goes on much longer, I am blowed if I shan't have to bolt. What with a man pestering me and another, I really think I shall go out of my wits. Holla, police officer, I've hit on a plan. Just introduce everybody who calls, and I'll see if I can't get some fun out of it.

Police Constable. All right, yer honour.

[Crowd seen approaching.]

Mr. Reilly. I'll take you one at a time. Well, my good sir, what you want?

* The Attorney-General, the County Court Judge, &c.

Customer. I've got two splendid white elephants at Liverpool, and I'm told you would like to buy them.

Mr. Reilly. Not I. I did make some inquiries about them some time ago, but they were for a friend of mine. I say, just bring them over: take and offer them to the Carriage Company, they're sure to buy 'em. Don't say I said so. And now what do you want?

Jewish Customer. Me vant to sell you some pickled 'ams, brought all the way from Amsterdam.

Mr. Reilly. Now, look here, Moses. Just take them down to [whispers] and you'll drive a capital bargain.

Jewish Customer. I think you said Arons—something. Oh, no. He would vant me to take ze value out in spectacles.

Mr. Reilly. Bless me, what do you want to sell me?

Gravestone Maker. A gravestone.

Mr. Reilly. Who the deuce for?

Gravestone Maker. Well, that's a delicate matter; but you could have erected somewhere, and have the inscription put on it by-and-by.

Mr. Reilly. Not if I know it. So you had better remove the stone from this place at once.

Gravestone Maker. Not unless you pay carriage.

Mr. Reilly. Carriage? Why, I never ordered it.

Gravestone Maker. It's not worth carrying back. So I'll leave it.

Mr. Reilly. All right, and I'll chuck it into the Irwell. "Sacred to the memory of a taken-in gravestone maker."

Mr. Reilly. Well, who's next?

Police Constable. Here's a man who wants to sell you a Russian bear; milkman who will supply you with sixteen cans of skinned milk a day; baker who will feed your audiences with the lightest of bread; an iron-sanger who'll —

Mr. Reilly. Oh, lor! Oh, lor! here's another crowd coming up. I must go to the newspapers and get them to stop this sort of thing. [Pushes towards the city.]

THE FROG.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

THIS insect, as is known to us,
By nature is amphibious;
It loves to splash in water, and
Can also live upon the land.

Perhaps this fact you do not know,
Which shameful ignorance would show;
But, if you don't, you should be whipt, you're
Entirely ignorant of Scripture.

In Egypt once, if you have read,
And kept your reading in your head,
The frogs all issued from the Nile,
And plagued the natives for a while.

This incident I only mention
About the frog with this intention—
To prove their amphibiety
Upon the best authority.

For many persons have not been
To places where the frogs are seen;
They never saw a frog, and hence
The need of written evidence.

It is a useful thing to know
The habits of a frog, and so
The instincts in a frog implant'd
There is no need to take for granted.

Now, why a frog should thus be framed
I do not know, but I have named
An instance which, if taken right,
Upon their habits will throw light.

One more example I will name,
Of which the moral is the same—
Occasionally from the clouds,
On rainy days, frogs fall in crowds.

At least, I'm told they do, although
I don't believe it quite, you know;
At all events, I'm free to swear
That after rain the frogs are there.

At all events, the fact remains—
They leave the water when it rains;
The student may observe them scamp-
er everywhere in weather damp.

Now, if minutely you observe
(And handle if you have the nerve),
You'll find that in the aggregate,
And as a rule, they are not great.

In other words, you'll find that all
You come across are very small;
I do not know why this should be,
That little frogs go on the spree.

The big ones always stay at home—
At least, they very seldom roam;
I never yet could understand
Why they, too, should not go on land.

Perhaps they do not like to go,
And like the water best, and so
We'll leave them there to sprawl and soak,
And open wide their jaws and croak.

I do not know why frogs should croak,
Nor could I tell you why a moke
Should bray; they do it in the spring—
The frogs, I mean—like anything.

It is their method, so I'm told,
Of courting in the water cold,
An amatory conversation,
Which scarce requires an explanation.

It is an interesting thing
To listen to them in the spring,
Though Nature must have sure been joking,
In teaching frogs to court by croaking.

DRESS CIRCLE PRIGGISHNESS.

ACORRESPONDENT of the *Examiner*, signing himself "Comme il Faut," complains that on a recent occasion at the theatre Royal three "Lancashire lads" were allowed to occupy seats next his own. This enormity was capped by the fact that one of these horrible intruders wore no collar, and that all three drank rum out of a bottle. *Comme il Faut* was also awfully shocked by hearing "a couple of oaths," and goes on to suggest that the management of the theatre should exercise "some supervision," before they allow people to occupy seats for which they have paid. The fastidious gentleman does not write with any unfriendly feeling to the Theatre Royal; on the contrary, evidently aware of the tremendous power, for good or evil, wielded by an anonymous correspondent of the *Examiner*, he bears his testimony to "the manifest attention which is paid to the comfort of the audience," &c. We would suggest to *Comme il Faut* that he might very well save the management of the Royal the trouble of the proposed "supervision" by labelling himself, so that he might be known as the conceited prig that he is, in which place common persons, who are not *comme il faut*, but who simply pay their money and enjoy themselves in their own fashion, might give him a wide berth. A man, especially a Manchester theatre-goer, who is shocked by a rough dialect, a rum bottle, no shirt collar, and a couple of oaths, has, of course, a right to write to the newspapers and say so, but if all persons who have a right to think themselves *comme il faut* were as particular and intolerant as he, there would be no room for common folk on God's earth.

THE SMALLPOX IN SALFORD.

IT is universally allowed by medical men that pleasant associations and surroundings form one of the chief incentives towards the recuperation of health in invalids. Admitting this premise, it is not to be wondered at that the authorities of Salford have chosen the cemetery at Pendleton as the site of a new infirmary for the reception of patients afflicted with the smallpox; for what can be more exhilarating to a person suffering from a dangerous disease than the knowledge that, in the event of his decease, his last change of residence will take place with the smallest possible trouble to his fellow-creatures? We will only venture to offer a few further suggestions, which may be of use to the authorities in the present direful contingency, viz.:—(1) That every sufferer, on his admittance to the hospital, be accommodated with a roomy, padded coffin, in lieu of a bed, wherein he shall expire, or recover, as the case may be. (N.B.—That in the event of the latter contingency, he shall provide, at his own expense, a few more brass nails, for the edification of the next occupant.) (2) That persons seized with the malady be removed from the homes wherein they shall have contracted it, to the infirmary, in one of those tasteful and appropriate conveyances which are accustomed to thread our streets on the occasion of the demise of individuals whose surviving friends are competent to pay for them. (3) That the male servants necessary to the conduct of the infirmary be chosen from the ranks of those suitably dressed sympathisers (paid) who make it their business to accompany the aforesaid conveyances—in order that no unnecessary change of attendants may take place, in the event of an interment becoming necessary.

Our editorial brain is teeming with still greater ideas, but we have not space to print them. Should the epidemic increase, however, we shall be proud to place our inventive genius at the disposal of the guardians.

THE REPUTATION OF THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.

UNDER the above heading, a few days ago, a paragraph appeared in the Manchester newspapers in which Dr. Mellor was reported to have said that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway was the worst-conducted line in the kingdom. We are in a position to say that at the last board meeting of the directors the chairman brought this subject forward, and indignantly denied the truth of the assertion. "What," exclaimed the chairman, "will be said next? Why, there never was a line in the kingdom where the interests of the public are more studied. Isn't Lancashire the busiest place in the world? and are not Lancashire men always deeply engaged in commerce? Are we to be blamed if we delay our carriages at the Victoria Station frequently, in order that people shouldn't lose their trains? Certainly not. The advantage is on the side of the public. Then, again, it is said that our rate of travelling is not rapid. I confess it is not; but let me assure the general public that that is owing to the extraordinary care with which we consult their safety. Complaints have also been made that our carriages are uncomfortable. That complaint I take for what it is worth. Anybody who travels daily in our carriages must inevitably be aware that there is not the slightest foundation for the imputation; indeed, I am afraid that we make our carriages too luxurious, and that we run the risk of softening the rugged character of the Lancashire people by providing magnificent cushions for them to loll upon. Absolute cleanliness is not essential where the sturdy independence of travellers completely sets aside the distinction between first, second, and third class carriages." The directors then proceeded to discuss the question as to whether "any reform" was necessary, and upon the suggestion of Lord Houghton, it was agreed to go in for a novelty, viz., to paint the outside of the first-class carriages yellow, the second brown, and the third blue. The suggestion that the colours should be red, white, and blue was not entertained. The introduction of the novelty, it is said, will add to the comfort of passengers—if that is possible.

THE NEW VISION OF JUDGMENT.

[AN IRONICAL BYRONICAL MEDLEY.]

SIR JOHN ILES sat in the Salford Hall,
His law was musty, and his brain was dull,
So very paltry was the prison-call,
Not that the cells by any means were full.
But since the end of eighteen-seventy-five,
The thieves had ceased to make so plain a "mull,"
And had "cut their blank sticks," as they say
In cant, which turned the tide of rogues another way.
The policemen tall were swearing in the box,
And hoarse with having nothing else to do,
Excepting to wind up the Corporation clocks,
Or cuff a runaway young thief or two,
Or Arab of the streets, who, sly as crafty fox,
Threw brickbats rude at the official blue,
Splitting some windows in his wanton fun,
And screaming with delight at sight of mischief done.

His brother J.P.'s had retired en masse,
Finding the business didn't altogether pay;
Police court trials filled, in every class,
The minds of men with anger and dismay.
'Twas found, indeed, that rogues might multiply
Their gains by simple means, like "three-card" play,
For the Stipendiary had shewn, by stroke of pen,
That tramps were rogues, and sharpers "honest" men.
This Solon was not a new fledgling "beak,"
Nor was there aught of youth within his face;
He had not hook nose or hawk's eye to break
The drear monotony, nor could one trace
In his stern voice a tremuloso shake,
Altho' he spoke with slow deliberate pace;
He was, in short, a magisterial Tartar,
Who'd fine a gentleman, and flog a carter.

Sir John Iles blew his nose—a warning dire
To all policemen who had colds in theirs,
For nothing roused his magisterial ire
As that a man should stumble on the stairs,
Or stop to sneeze, when scarce he could respire,
Instead of swearing facts in "double pairs"—
Sir John Iles blew his nose, with strident blast,
And to the assembled crowd he spoke at last:—
"Tis now some ten short years I here have sat
And dispensed justice with an iron hand,
And all within my court have worshipped flat;
Before my stern eye none could dare to stand;
But now, alas! my glory is no more,
And I am wounded to my proud heart's core.
Listen! while briefly I relate
The sentence passed on me by vengeful fate:

[Sings.]

"A vagrant sat by a watchman's fire,
And his clothes were ragged and torn,
He'd wandered for years o'er a desert land,
Had this vagrant all forlorn.
"By day, by night, he dare not rest
On a bed of a civilised kind,
For a curse had fallen upon his soul,
And no rest on earth could he find.
"Once in the tide and fulness of power
He'd sent all vagrants to gaol
Who were found asleep at the midnight hour,
In the chilly moonbeams pale.
"He did not pity them in his rage,
Though honest men they might seem,
For he sent them to prison whenever he chose,
For vagrants he had no esteem.

"One day he was Crossed by a demon rude
Who threw him out into the street,
And condemned him to wander for aye and a day,
With no rest for his weary feet.

"Thus he sits him down by the watchman's fire,
After years of vagrancy,
And behold in this type of a worthless tramp
The form of your Stipendiary."

He ceased, and suddenly there came a flash
Of vivid lightning, with most sulphurous smell,
And when the smoke had cleared, and all the crash
Had died in echoes with alternate swell,
The people knew Sir John had vagrant turned,
For o'er the judgment seat "On tramp" was burned.

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A CAULIFLOWER.

NOW I come to think of it, this writing of sermons on vegetables was a somewhat rash undertaking, for at last I have come across a vegetable which utterly defies the extraction of any moral from it, as far as I can see at present. The cauliflower is entirely unromantic in name, nature, and appearance; the only thing to be said about it is that it is very good to eat, but this can be said of so many vegetables that it is but negative praise. In this respect, therefore, the cauliflower may be taken as the emblem of useful mediocrity in men and things. It is this same mediocrity, between you and me, which keeps the world going as it does. The probability is, that if there were more to be said about the cauliflower, it would not be worth half so much as some other vegetables; and were it not that all sermons are bound to continue a respectable length, I might leave my subject at this very point. As, however, I am bound to spin out my discourse a little further, I may observe that in many matters, as is the race of men, so is the race of vegetables. Men tumble into decay and enrich the ground from which they sprang, so do cabbage stumps; but this is not exactly the line of comparison which I was going to take, but I was about to say a few words on the use of mediocrities. It is, in the world, the men of steady and respectable mediocrity that do for the most part all the useful work. Nature does not seem, somehow, to believe in heroes, though she makes them; neither do I.

THE CO-OPERATIVE CREDIT BANK SWINDLE.

NOW that Mr. Richard Banner Oakley is, for a time, in durance vile, it would not become us to express any opinion on his case. We may be permitted, however, without violating any law of morality or justice, to speculate as to whether a newspaper would be at present justified in gaining money by the insertion of the advertisement of the Co-operative Credit Bank. We presume that that undertaking must be in a position at least to pay for such advertisement, which otherwise would probably not appear as it does in several newspapers, including one weekly journal in Manchester. The question naturally arises whether a journal which inserts, in return for whatever payment, a disreputable advertisement, does not deserve to share the obloquy which falls upon the advertisers. It will be urged, possibly, that the advertisements in a paper, being paid for as a purely mercantile transaction, do not appear in the respectable part of that paper. It is very difficult to draw a hard and fast line in the matter of journalistic morality; but without attempting this, we may express our conviction that the deliberate publication of seductive, plausible, and injurious announcement, like that now under notice, is one of which the editor of any respectable newspaper must share the blame with the publishers. Of course there is only a moral responsibility, but in the present case the responsibility is a very grave one. Advertisers who have reached the depth attained by the person or persons connected with the great 18 per cent bubble, are often at their wits' ends

how to gain the publicity requisite for the full carrying out of their schemes. This fact is chiefly owing to the able and honourable manner in which, with a few disgraceful exceptions, press supervision is carried on. There are still, however, thanks to these exceptions, a few channels through which the ear of the gullible public may be, and is reached; and a journal which wilfully constitutes itself one of these channels, just because the publicity is paid for in ready money, will hardly, in these times of newspaper work conscientiously conducted, pay in the end. With this, it is true, we have nothing to do. It is nothing to us by what means or how long a struggling periodical may prolong its precarious existence; but it is something to us and to the public that a set of adventurers should have been enabled, week after week, to set traps for the unwary in a sheet which has, at all events, the reputation of respectability. It is possible that the offending advertisement may now be withdrawn from this and other newspapers throughout the country; but the mischief done will not be thus effaced, nor will the journals in question find it easy to justify their behaviour or regain their good name.

A NURSERY RHYME.

A was an apple that hung on a tree,
B was a boy who spied it with glee;
C was a conscience that whispered he mustn't,
D was a dog which implied he dus'n't.
E was an exquisite pain in each limb,
F was the farmer who caused it in him;
G was the good resolution he made,
H was his home, where in future he stayed.

HINTS ON STEALING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

I OWE an apology to the *City Lantern* poet, whose verses I quoted last week. By an accidental substitution of the word "January" for the word "December," a wrong impression was conveyed. This, however, though proving myself to be guilty of gross carelessness, by no means takes away from the utility of my hint that it is better to steal good verses than to write bad ones.

ROME FOR EVER!

T HE *Morning Post* makes the announcement that "Information has come to light which reveals, on the part of an extreme section of the English clergy, a direct intrigue with Rome, which only waits for completion to be publicly announced." In the interests of this Christian part of Lancashire, we made immediate inquiries as to the truth of this most startling announcement, and we solemnly assure our readers that we are on the verge of a terrible catastrophe. The present Manchester Cathedral is to be levelled with the dust; and James of Manchester is no longer to be our Bishop. Salford is to be made the seat of an Arch-bishopric, attached to the Church of Rome. The churches of Manchester where Evangelical views are promulgated are to be all clean whitewashed, and Fathers of unquestioned views are to be appointed to them; holding their livings from Roman Catholic patrons. Churches of a Ritualistic character are to be allowed to go on as before; the churches of S. John the Baptist and S. Alban's being especially set apart for the conversion of heretics to Roman Catholic views. All dissenting places of worship are to be abolished, and the tag-rag and bob-tail fraternity of Hulme are to be burnt at the stake; Father Gadd being appointed Grand Inquisitor General. Such a programme, we further learn, has the approval of several dignitaries of the English Church, whose names, for obvious local reasons, we considerably suppress. The editors of all newspapers of a humorous and satirical character are to be turned over to the tender mercies of Mr. J. W. Maclare, and in the event of their not being able to pronounce certain difficult phrases, they will at once be consigned to the platform of the Free Trade Hall, and publicly roasted.

WHAT SAYS HE? CAW! *Cowper.*

THE Attorney-General was uncommonly humorous at the law students' dinner last week. He chaffed Major Charley about being connected with "The Devil's Own."

The Major was equal to the occasion. He preferred to be of "The Devil's Own" to being an attorney-general, who was his "own devil."

Sir John is unpardonable when he likes. A well-known local barrister tried to persuade him that he was born in this city. Of course he wouldn't have it; he didn't mind being Bury-ed in Manchester.

Sir John and Mr. Charley afterwards attended a Conservative ball at Pendleton. Sir John, after dancing for two minutes with a lady of seventy, ventured to pun, "ball-o me."

The lady used her fan.

Does anybody wonder at Mr. Charley's popularity, when he can get an attorney-general to trot out his lady constituents, after doing his "devours" in the presence of the lawyer?

Was Sir John Iles Mantell at the Pendleton ball?

Sir John's resignation is talked about; indeed he's made up his mind for the worst.

They may assert what they like; but one or two Quakers, who went from Manchester to hear Mr. John Bright, are not to be believed when they say the Town Hall was brim (broad) full.

Quakers ought to take up their permanent quarters in Brim-agem.

The name of the next promoter of the Co-operative Credit Bank is announced to be Hoax-ley.

It is a fact that an old, well-paid parish beadle, at the free and open church movement, accused the Dean of im-pew-dence in advocating the abolition of the pew system.

My Lord Howard of Glossop will preside at the Eye Hospital meeting on Monday next. His lordship's a great authority on the subject, as he uses more "I's" than any man living when he talks.

There's no con-zeling the fact, Mr. Cawley. As you assert, zeal is good, but if it's to benefit mankind it must be "zeal according to knowledge." Hasn't it taken you a long time to find it out, though?

Captain Palin, will you explain how it came to pass that at the Police Soirée, in the Town Hall, the whole of the detective force and court officers were saluted?

Also, in the same breath, why the police band cannot be kept together? It has been disbanded five years, and the instruments have grown harsh and out of tune. Witness the Dead March last Saturday.

ON DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS.

[BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.]

I'd like to know the reason why
My spirits should be so depressed?
It seems to me, that really I
Deserve not to be thus oppressed.
I have no woes to weigh me down,
To make me frown or knit my brow;
I have no cares to make me frown,
Yet I am sad, I know not how.

I cannot share the joys of those
Whose buoyant glee I note about me,
I could not, even if I chose,
Though doubtless they can without me;
Among the bustling haunts of men,
In melancholy mood I ramble—
And even when I take my pen,
It scribbles but a sad preamble.

The earth is dreary, and the sky
Partakes the universal gloom;
When other folks are merry, I
Am thinking of the crack of doom.
In vain I search the reason why,
On this particular occasion,
I feel that I am doomed to die,
And yet I am of that persuasion.

I have, as I remarked before,
No ailments of the mind or body—
Last night my spirits were so poor
I took a glass of whisky toddy—
But one; so that cannot be it—
For now it strikes me of a sudden,
The muse the thing at last has hit—
That horrid slice of cold plum-pudding.

MR. CAWLEY, M.P., AND THE SLAVE CIRCULAR.

MR. CAWLEY is an expert in the difficult but useful art of making two blacks look like a white. He defends the Fugitive Slave Circular on the ground that former Governments have issued similar ones—with a difference. Now, admitting for an instant that former Governments had done more than this, and had issued instructions identical to those which have caused so much offence, Mr. Cawley's argument is such a lame one that we do not wonder at his using it. The occupation of Conservative M.P.'s, as of some Conservative leader writers, seems to be nothing else but to uphold Conservatism through thick and thin, without regard to logic, common-sense, and in some cases even to decency. We venture to assert, that in the case we have supposed such a circular would have been condemned by people of all shades of politics, no matter whether a Tory or a Liberal Government were responsible for it. Of course everyone knows very well that no such circular was ever before issued, or at all events made public, by British ministers. The general knowledge which all Englishmen possess of the nature of their fellow-countrymen, would tell them that the absence of clamour about former fugitive slave circulars, proves by undeniable presumptive evidence, that no such thing was ever before made public. Mr. Cawley, with ill-judged zeal for his party, has gone poking his nose into bluebooks and has found certain instructions, of which he sends garbled extracts to the newspapers. The public, however, having the whole unmitigated production

of the present Government before them, do not look at it as a political question at all, or at least they do so secondarily. They say that the thing is constitutionally wrong, and will not admit that the fact that it was ever done before can prove it to be right. Mr. Cawley, however, does not succeed even in proving that it has been done before. Anything on earth can be proved by extracts, carefully compiled and chosen. This is just the art by which so many bad but clever critics palm off their judgments of people better than themselves upon the world. It is whispered that Mr. Cawley's profession is that of a skilled witness. Perhaps, by long experience in his own person as a passive subject of examinations and cross-examinations, he has picked up the wrinkle that men and documents may be made to say anything if they are skilfully handled.

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

(After "Hamlet.")

TO wed—or not to wed—that is the question,
Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer
The chilling ways of ruthless landladies,
Or to revolt against half-cooked comestibles,
And, by a marriage, shun them.
To court—to wed—and in this easy way to end
The thousand causes of vituperation
That tempt sad bachelors; 'tis a result
Devoutly to be wished.—To court—to wed—
To wed—perchance a shrew—aye, there's the rub!
For who would bear the tauntings as to time—
Delusive dinners—dark and direful dishes—
Par-boiled potatoes—dingy table-napkins—
Inispid chops, and soulless, leathery beefsteaks—
And all the myriad inconveniences
Whereat a bachelor must grin, or grumble,
When he might turn his shadow into sunshine
By three weeks' courting? Who would this burden bear,
To curse and swear throughout a lonely life,
But that the dread that if he changed his state
For one, where—but by ruinous divorce—
No bachelor returns—puzzles his will;
And makes him liefer growl at what he's got
Than sigh for joys he's unaccustomed to.
Thus caution doth make cowards of us all:
And thus the course of natural selection
Is spoilt by a suspicion that spoils all:
And marriages, although they're made in heaven,
In this regard their purpose turn awry,
And are not made on earth.—Soft, now—my landlady!
A tumbler—please you—and the whisky-bottle.

THE VACANT SEAT.


Tis not so much of the vacant seat in Parliament that we would write, as of the vacant place in our midst caused by the death of the gentleman who is to be buried on Saturday. Whatever may have been said or thought of Mr. Callender in times past, all who knew anything of him will allow that he was a man of singular steadfastness of purpose in public work. In his person one political party in Manchester loses its mainstay, and many sections of the community will, apart from politics, feel severely the loss which they have sustained. Thus much of Mr. Callender as a public man. Of his career as a private citizen can be said that, which cannot be said of all who aim at public distinction. He was known in a wide social and civic circle as a genial and kindly man—never backward in doing good offices when such were required. Among his brother Masons he was universally respected, and he deserved to be so, as a very active and conscientious member of the craft. Such, in brief, was the character of the gentleman whose vacant seat the consti-

tucency will be shortly called upon to fill. It would be mere impertinence and bad taste on our part to say much more. Next week, in the turmoil and strife of an election contest, the virtues of the deceased gentleman will be for a time forgotten by political partisans, but the general regret which now reigns in many bosoms will not be entirely effaced, and it will be long ere someone or other shall not have in his breast a sincere regard for the memory of William Romaine Callender.

EXCHANGE SNOBS: ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND GERMAN.

JIt is doubtful if even the Union Club could furnish more thoroughly-going snobs than are to be found in great numbers among the younger men on 'Change. We are doing the Union an injustice, however, for the Clarendon is, after all, the most snobbish place in our city. The Clarendon has no politics, and is in that respect like the Union. Social standing is the qualification of both, with this reservation, that the would-be member must on no account have made himself prominent in politics, or in any other respect. It will thus be seen, that as the Union is the heaven here below of purely social distinction, nobody is a member of the Clarendon who could by any species of intrigue get into the Union.

We have said that the Clarendon is the most snobbish institution in Manchester, but the Exchange in a few years will be fully equal to it. The characteristics of the different kinds of snobs crop up in wild luxuriance at such a time as the present, when all the talk is about the coming election. Your English Tory snob—stolid, often stupid, generally conceited, "can't do with Richard Haworth, because, you know, he is a Dissenter—must have a Churchman, you know; besides he is chairman of the Contagious —; and—well I won't vote for Haworth anyhow." Well then as to Maclure—"Don't like him—had to get a subscription up for him some years ago—then there is that story of the Brazenose—that would come out—besides, he can't get into the Union, and he is not, one of my sort, he isn't." Then there is Mr. Houldsworth—"He would do, but then nobody knows him, and he cannot speak, but that does not matter."

But your English snob is more offensive when he happens to be a Liberal. "He won't vote for Jacob—these women, you know—great mistake to run him." If it be mildly suggested that Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Charley, Mr. Birley, and the late Mr. Callender, all voted for "these women," your Liberal snob has no answer except that "he would like a more moderate candidate, such as Hibbert you know—good fellow Hibbert—moderate man, very." If you ask how far Mr. Hibbert's moderation helped him at Oldham or at Blackburn—for he has been defeated by about two to one since Mr. Jacob Bright was—he says, "Well, you know, that's not it—but then Hibbert is a more respectable candidate, you know."

The Scotch snob is a distinct species on 'change. He is generally ashamed of his snobbery, and tries to hide it, and is many times more hateful than the English snob. If your Scotchman has become "gentle," and has joined the English Church, he is sure to have become a strong Tory, but only—like the Clarendon Club man—on social grounds. The worst feature of a Scotch Tory is that he never appears to be sincere. The English Tory is, for the most part, as far as he knows. The Scotch Liberal snob—tinctured by a few years on 'change—is the most disagreeable animal that exists. He generally has a small smattering of political knowledge, and when he says he won't vote for Mr. Jacob Bright because he is such a Radical, you may be sure your Scotchman is ashamed of himself.

There is a third nationality which has recently entered the list of snobs in amazing numbers. It is not the Irish, for there is hardly an Irishman who goes on 'change. Will it be believed that we refer to the Germans? Among those of that nationality who frequent the boards there are not more than half-a-dozen Tories, and these have become so, as a rule, through their marriage with English ladies. Social Toryism leads such Germans into strange quarters—but here, again, the annoying

thing is that the half-dozen we refer to all appear to be playing a part. But it is among so-called Liberal Germans that, during the last five or six years, a new form of snobbery has developed. These upstarts go to the leaders of the Liberals and tender advice with regard to the election! They know all about it! If you ask them, however, what they know of St. Michael's Ward, or New Cross, or St. Clement's, with their 20,000 electors, they look rather foolish. If you tell them you would rather secure the votes of a dozen streets in St. Michael's Ward than all the votes on the Manchester Exchange, for the ample reason that they would be more numerous, they are convinced; for they are only pretentious and snobbish, and, as a rule, are not unusually stupid. Hitherto your German Liberal snob is a snob and nothing more, for, when the time for voting comes, his good sense generally asserts itself.

ODE TO FEBRUARY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

JIT is not February yet,
But then the bard
A subject has to get
Or else he'd find it hard
To write at all; and it is now too late
For January's praise, at any rate.

At all events, I do not know
What I could say
For January, so
My tribute I will pay
Unto the subject of the present sonnet,
Although there isn't much to write upon it.

In February birds begin
To chirp and pair;
But don't be taken in
By that proceeding fair.

The early spring is good for writing verse on,
If you should chance to be a sanguine person.
But if you don't write verses, then
You will admit
That I and other men
Are fools for doing it.
With which opinion partly I agree,
But still, what can I do? I'm "up a tree!"

I had to write some verses, and
I could not find
A subject at command,
And so I had in mind
On February's beauties to descant;
Now, having written all I want, I shan't.

LONDON LETTER.

[FROM OUR OWN PENNY-A-LINER.]

THREE is absolutely no news stirring. I am able, however, to inform you, on the very highest authority I could get, that the official announcement of the opening of Parliament by the Queen in person, is the result of an intention formulated in Her Majesty's mind at least six weeks ago. In the highest circles which I have been able to reach, the opinion is freely expressed that the delay in the notification of Her Majesty's intention was due to a very important and significant cause, which is no less than the fear prevailing in Her Majesty's mind and that of her advisers, that the sight of the Sovereign, if previously announced, might lead to a popular *émeute*. We who belong to the upper classes may find it difficult to account for this disloyal feeling which undoubtedly exists among those of an inferior station, but we cannot hide from ourselves, even if our loyalty would let us shut our eyes to it, the sad truth which has led to this necessary precaution. Those who from afar have studied the habits and thoughts of the working classes in this country,

who have taken an interest in them at their work and in their hours of relaxation, and especially have noted what they read, must know that there exists among them a wide spirit of disaffection, which almost amounts to disloyalty. Certain journals, even journals that profess to be of a high tone, have fostered this tendency, and have spoken in what, to say the least of it, is a disrespective tone, not only of the Prince of Wales, but even of his Royal Mother, not only of Her Gracious Majesty herself, but also of her most Gracious Son. In view of this dreadful state of feeling among the democracy of this land, steps have been taken, I understand, of a most unusual character. I learn that the body guards will, on this occasion, be represented by police constables in disguise, several of whom will be previously told off, for a day or two before the ceremony, to mingle with the masses, and make themselves masters of their sentiments, by standing beer to them, or otherwise. I grieve to say, further, that the disloyal feeling to which I have alluded above is not confined to the lower classes, but has already spread to the lower middle ones, several members of which have been heard to express the most envenomed remarks about the Prince of Wales, who seems, indeed, to be particularly selected, in preference to his Royal Parent, for the shafts of vulgar malice. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it is thought, in the circles in which I move, that the course adopted has been a wise and precautionary measure, more especially as, the Prince of Wales being absent, his Illustrious Parent will probably have to bear the brunt of a doubly envenomed and malicious sentiment. One cause which has been assigned for the growing discontent among the lower middle class, such as grocers and butchers, is that the Court is so frequently absent from London. This is attributed to mere caprice, but these grumblers forget that there are plenty of plebeians left to buy meat and groceries, and that the Queen has a perfect right to buy her groceries where she likes. There is a general feeling of loyalty in the circles in which I move which supports this view.

There was a heavy snowstorm a day or two ago; some snow fell.

The double collision near Huntingdon was a terrible calamity.

Everybody in our circles is talking about the cool reception which the Duke of Edinburgh received at the late opening of the Winter Gardens. More signs of disloyalty!

WIGGING THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

SCENE.—A platform at Euston Square station. Time, the *Wild Irishman* five minutes overdue. Mr. BEN DIZZY and the General Postman on the look out for a distinguished arrival. On the wing, our own "Jackdaw," taking notes.

Mr. Ben Dizzy. It is only fair and regular that we should first ascertain that the newspaper reports accurately represent what he said.

The General Postman. Oh, I wired him at once, to ask.

Mr. B. D. And he replied, "You be —," I suppose.

The G. P. No, indeed. It is he who must first be blown up. He said that nobody was more surprised, and nobody regretted more than he did, that the reports should have appeared, but he would not undertake to impugn their accuracy, except in one particular. He did not say, "The Government be —," he only said, "The Government be well," &c. The blank must have been put in by the reporter.

Mr. B. D. Ah, I see. It all arises from the delicacy of the newspapers in refusing to print swearing when they have got it. They use the same sign to indicate a coarse and reckless oath and the most dramatic pause. The poverty of a printer's invention is proverbial. Have I not suffered? Well, Sir John might mend his manners—eh, my lord? But after all, the thing took place after dinner, and to say, "Let the Government be —," probably only meant, "For the time being, let us forget it." It amused the law clerks, and did us no harm.

The G. P. Oh, I don't mind the Government being —. But he made me say "Bless my soul!" As a Churchman and the heir to an old dukedom, I never use such language, sir. My chief consolation is, that in

consequence of the muddle among the telegraph wires—a horrid bore—the speech could not be sent to the *Morning Post*.

Mr. B. D. Yes. I suppose you will have a hot time of it when Parliament meets, and the Radicals take you to task as responsible for the bad weather. No doubt they will say that the old poles are getting rotten, and the wires are wearing out, through your parsimony about renewals.

The G. P. Renewals! Why we have enough to do, at present, with extensions. Sir, I hope to see the day when every race-course, and every "stately home" in England, will be furnished with its own private wire.

Mr. B. D. Bravo! *Noblesse oblige!* That is to say, let us first serve the aristocracy. But here comes Cairns.

Enter the Lud Chancellor, frowning.

My Lud [soliloquising]. The train is surely very late. I suppose they have been stopping longer than usual at the refreshment stations. So he wants to step into my shoes, does he? [Observes *Mr. B. D.* and *the G. P.*] Ah! Good morning. Have just popped in to meet some friends from the old country. By the bye, have you seen Holker's speech, or speeches, for he seems to have made two? I hope it isn't true, my lord, that you ever spoke of my neighbour, Charley, with the levity which is attributed to you. Let me tell you that, though I have not yet given him the promotion he will assuredly get, an Irishman does not forget his countrymen.

The G. P. Never said such a thing in my life, 'pon my honour I didn't, so you needn't wig me. It's all Holker's talk. Bless my soul, what a man he is! [aside.] I did say, though, that how Charley managed to get on so well—seeing that he is not of our old nobility, and is not remarkably distinguished either for law or learning, as far as I can judge—did somewhat puzzle me, and the Attorney whispered to me—he, he! "It's his 'art, my lord, and his friendly ways with the women." Rather neat, I thought, and showed that Holker had a taste I little suspected for good constitutional poetry.

My Lud [whispering to *Mr. B. D.*] What did he mean by saying that he would show us that he was a "great political luminary before he had done with us?"

Mr. B. D. Well, I don't know, unless he desires to see you bagged, in the hope that he will get the sack in your place. I wonder whether he intends his light to shine specially upon foreign or domestic politics? The Eastern question is ripening fast.

[*Engine whistles. Train draws up at the platform. The Attorney-General emerges in masquerade, wearing a Lord Chancellor's wig, with a sprig of mistletoe sticking on the top, and a long Ulster. He imitates a Lancashire clog dance.*]

Mr. B. D. "My lud; speak to that vain man."

My Lud [producing a Manchester newspaper, and addressing him]. "Have you your wits, Sir John? Know you what 'tis you speak?"

The Attorney-General. Hollon! here we are again. I am fairly caught this time, and must make my peace. [Doffing his wig and masquerade.] My lud and gentlemen,—I most humbly crave your pardon. Charley tempted me, and I did kiss and tell—I confess it. I have made foolish speeches, but next day I repented and received absolution at episcopal hands. And to you, as to the Bishop of Chester, I have only to plead, "If every man is to be deprived of his living who has committed a piece of bad taste, then probably every living in the country would be vacant. It often happens that when a man has made a speech at night he thinks it over next morning and says to himself, "How badly I put that; if I had it to say over again, I would say it much better."

Mr. B. D. Handsomely pleaded. Other people have forgotten themselves before now; and [aside] after all, we can't do without him, at least until Giffard can get a seat. I verily believe we shall have to re-people the House of Lords before we can get one poor place in the Commons. What do you say, my lud?

The Lord Chancellor. You are freely forgiven, Sir John.

The Attorney-General. I am ever your lordship's "grateful client."

[They depart in cabs, studying Mr. Charley's hand-book. *Curtain falls.*]

THE SCOT ABROAD.

*T*YSDAY bein' the hunner and se'enteen caravanseray (I'm thinkin' that's the name o't) o' oor ain Bobbie Burns, a wheen o' us callans in Manchester had a bit feast and a fuddle ower the heid o't. Of coorse there was a grand coarse o' dishes amang the lave brandered sybows, muslin kail backhet, a haggis, *au naturel*, speldrin soup, powsowdie, drummock, callor nowt feet, parritch and Glasca' magistrates throughither, treacle yill and eisters, kipper and sour dook, currant bun and sowens, peasemeal and grozett jeely. Some ain said a grace, but he was uncloy ashamed o't, for de'il a word could onybody hear but "Oh, Lord" and "Amen." After dinner there was a ragin' spate o' speeches, till ane began to believe Burns had ne'er been heard tell o' afore.* But the barley bree was rale gude, and the coishmaclaver was joost deevin', but aiblins Mr. Keyan yese hae a better account o' the play than I can gie ye, and gin that bennsae syne this'll do for want o' a better.

CRAMOND JOCK.

ATTACKING SIR EDWARD WATKIN.

*A*LS one of the evening papers informed us the other afternoon, a grossly personal attack was made upon Sir Edward Watkin at the half-yearly meeting of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, by Mr. S. Fielden, of Todmorden. Into the merits of the matter we don't care to enter; our only object in drawing attention to the fact being to ask any of our readers whether, after the meeting, they saw Mr. Fielden slinking down Market Street, as if he had lost something, or as if the scathing words of Sir Edward were still ringing in his ears? It falls to few men's share to be so thoroughly and skilfully thrashed as Mr. Fielden was, and everybody seems to be overjoyed at it.

FAVOUR GOES BY KISSING.



THE secret of Mr. Charley's popularity, which was so delicately revealed by the Attorney-General at the Conservative ball in the Salford Town Hall, on Friday night, has been further elucidated by the following correspondence, which has been delivered at

our office. We must premise, however, an expression of satisfaction that Mr. Charley is believed to be popular, since there have been some evidences of late that his party in Salford inclines to give him the cold shoulder, and his conspicuous absence from recent Tory gatherings, though he has been constantly hovering about the city and borough, have been the subject of considerable comment. The facts that the junior member preferred to dine with the Law Clerks and the Attorney-General on Friday evening in preference to fulfilling his engagement with the St. Stephen's Ward Conservative Club, and left Mr. Cawley to fight his battle alone with the anti-slavery agitators on the previous evening, have, we believe, produced a queer feeling even in Bexley Square. The correspondence, however, which has been sent to us apparently by an indignant Liberal lady, shows that Sir John Holker's revelations have caused a flutter of sensation in some susceptible quarters:—

From Mrs. Tom Bluestocking, Eccles Old Road, to Mrs. Robin Redbreast, Higher Broughton.

My dear Mary,—Have you read that dear, delightful Sir John Holker's speech at the Conservative ball, on Friday night? and is it really true that Mr. Charley actually kisses all the pretty women when he goes a canvassing? You know I wasn't in Salford last election time, and when old

* Councillor Little, are you responsible for this?

Sir Thomas Bazley came to see my father, at Old Trafford, he only made a polite old-world bow to me. You know all about it, no doubt, as you say that Robin is always at the Reform Club, and he will give you all the news. When will the next election be? and will Mr. Charley go a-canning alone, or bring Mr. Cawley with him? Tom will tell me nothing, and is quite *furious* when I ask him. He is a thorough Tory, you know—true blue; but he doesn't seem to like Mr. Charley. I can't venture to tell you what he calls him, but I believe he is really *awfully jealous*, do you know. When I asked him whether Mr. Charley was handsome, he actually *screamed*. Now, Mary, be a good girl, and tell me *all about it*.—Your loving

ANNIE.

Mrs. Robin Redbreast, Higher Broughton, to Mrs. Tom Bluestocking, Eccles Old Road.

You silly little goose; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I will tell you nothing, though they say that Charley, though he is a Tory, is a *very handsome* man. Don't be a fool to give him any encouragement, for I suppose he is *very bold*. If you do it may be the worse for him, since Robin has told me that if ever he catches him prowling about our premises, *he will break every bone in his body*, and your Tom may be equally savage.—Your loving

MARY.

P.S. I must just tell you such a lark there was last election time. Robin hearing some scuffling in the garden late one evening, and Mand being *mysteriously absent*, I must say, he thought that it must be Mr. Charley making love to her. He went out, and found it was not an old Charley, but a modern *Bobby kissing cook*. It was lucky, though, that his blunderbuss wouldn't go off, or he might have been had up for murder.

M.

OUR PUBLIC MEN.

No. IV.—MR. JACOB BRIGHT.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT is a public man in a more distinct and a wider sense than any of those whose names have been mentioned in the present series of articles. Probably, if a member of any political party in this city or neighbourhood were asked to name the citizen who of late years had specially devoted his time to politics, with exclusively public aims, he would select Mr. Bright. He might not agree with him—very few independent thinking men would be found to agree with him all round—but the fact is so patent, that for extent of political information, width of political sympathy, and single-minded and unselfish devotion to the public objects he has at heart,—that few would be found hardy enough in these particulars to call his pre-eminence in question. From his youth up, Mr. Jacob Bright has been a political student, and in his political studies and aims he has been ever unselfish. Strong as his political bent has always been, he knew how, in his earlier years, to subordinate it to a great purpose. At a time when his elder and mightier brother was much occupied in his memorable and now historical agitations in favour of free trade and the extension of the franchise, the people owed, we believe, in a great measure, to Mr. Jacob Bright, that release from business cares which permitted their champion to devote himself, almost unreservedly, to their interest. This modest, practical service will not be forgotten now by those who, through Mr. John Bright's labours, have entered into their inheritance. We do not know family secrets, and if we did, we have no desire to reveal them. But those who have watched political controversies, and remember how, upon more than one occasion, the younger brother has taken up the cudgels when the elder's facts or statistics have been assailed, may entertain a shrewd suspicion that occasionally, at least, he has acted, to use a law phrase, in the capacity of "devil" to the people's Attorney-General. Within the last twelve years, Mr. Jacob Bright has come more prominently into public life. In his now lengthening career, his character has been eminently conspicuous for thoroughness, independence, honesty, frankness, and a chivalric devo-

tion to public aims. His ambition has been distinct and marked. It has not been sullied by any suspicion of personal promotion to gain, or social ends to win, but has been devoted with unmixed and unwavering earnestness to the advancement and elevation of the nation's progress as he sees it. It may be that he is afflicted and hampered with "too much policy." But nobody will deny that the policy he advocates is consistent with itself; and we do not suppose that Mr. Bright, any more than other sane people, expects to get all his six coaches abreast and at one time through Temple Bar. If he has devoted a large share of his attention to the jockeying of questions upon which the public mind is not yet ripe, and which it would be undesirable to deal with precipitately, he cannot be accused of ever neglecting or damaging those upon which the main body of his party are agreed, and which are ripening for an earlier solution.

Mr. Jacob Bright's distinguishing characteristic is his fearless independence. To a nature which only a superficial knowledge of it reveals to be keen, sensitive, and modest, the ridicule and hate even of opponents give exquisite pain. Mr. Bright, however, having once himself made up his mind, and taken up a cause which he believes to be right and just, will not budge for a moment, or at any risk, from its advocacy. He is a man of whom it may be pre-eminently said that he

"Dares to stand alone!
Dares to have a purpose firm;
And dares to make it known."

If politics meant the gratification of personal ambition or the acquisition of party triumph, Mr. Bright would be foolish in so acting. Fortunately, however, in days when extreme scrupulosity is not the characteristic of public men, the subject of our sketch is too nice "to take the nearest way." Thus it may be that personally he suffers, and those who ally themselves with his fortunes to some extent suffer with him; but his banner, though torn, flies untarnished, and his generous public aims, though baffled oft, are ever being advanced, and on the way to win. There is, furthermore, a thoroughly English bull-dog tenacity of purpose in Mr. Bright's nature, which will not recognise defeat in the sense of discouragement. The country squires, who remember the long nights and early mornings in which he wearied out their endeavours to establish protection in the cattle trade of the country, at the close of an ill-spent session, now seven or eight years ago, will recognise and remember this quality of his nature.

No public speaker is better known in Manchester than Mr. Jacob Bright. His appearances in the Free Trade Hall have been and still are frequent. He is an undoubted favourite there. His utterances are listened to with close attention, and it cannot be said of him that he ever wearyes an audience. Yet Mr. Bright's style is keenly criticised, and often unfavourably. In his case comparisons are naturally suggested, and it is as inevitable that by comparison he should lose. His style is singularly distinct from his brother's in many of its most prominent characteristics. There is lacking the calm, masterful strength which takes possession of a meeting and holds it enthralled. The diction wants that massive force—the elocution that majestic flow—felicities of illustration are singularly rare—humour is almost entirely absent, or if ever it betrays itself it is in a tart, acid way, which ruffles an opponent without quite turning the laugh against him. Mr. Jacob Bright's platform manner is cold, and, unfortunately, his voice is somewhat husky. As he sits facing an audience he seems oppressed with the awful seriousness of life and work. He never unbends. Before he gets up he looks like a man with a speech on his mind, who has no room for other thoughts. When he sits down he seems always in an attitude of questioning criticism, as if he should say, "How does that statement square with my own opinion, or sentiment, or motive? Would I have used that particular phrase or epithet?" He is not, manifestly, sympathetic or appreciative, and when he says "Hear, hear," to a something which he endorses, he does it with a kind of fierce surprise, as if meaning, "Well, I am glad you admit as much; or, that you have

acknowledged this at last." Jacob Bright's speeches are always enjoyable. They bear the unmistakable impress of careful and honest preparation; they are frank, manly, and serious, and are most of all appreciated by earnest men. His sentences are crisp, neat, and well-turned; his explanations singularly clear, pointed, and telling—the mere statement of a fact often winging an argument home. In criticism he is always pungent, and often very trenchant, but sometimes unduly contemptuous of an opponent, or apparently sceptical as to the singleness of his intentions. That he can also rise occasionally, though not in any or prolonged flight, to heights of real eloquence, was strikingly exemplified in the admirable speech which he made at the town's meeting, on the subject of the Fugitive Slave Circular last week. When he rose to speak, Mr. Bright was seen by those near him to be trembling with suppressed excitement, though he appeared to the audience cooler and more determined than ever before. It used to be said of Canning that he never addressed the House of Commons with effect when he was not in this vein, and that one night a friend or colleague, finding his hand cold and clammy and tremulous as an aspen, advised him to go home. "No," said Canning, "I shall make a great speech to-night." If Mr. Jacob Bright did not make a sustainedly great speech, there were passages in it which roused the old burning enthusiasm that we read of in the old days of anti-slavery agitation in England. Hot glowing cheeks and moist eyes among the enthralled audience told better than cheers the real telling effect of that pathetic, indignant picture of an escaped slave woman, paralysed by separation from her children by the inhuman process of a sale, turned away from the deck of a British man-of-war and cast off from the protection of the Union Jack. Again, Mr. Disraeli, himself a master of dramatic art, was never more telling than Mr. Jacob Bright's abrupt challenge to the framers of the circular—"Tell me what you think the amount of severity due to any unfortunate man, woman, or child, who should seek to gain their freedom?"

Mr. Bright, it is said, is a crochety man. Nobody denies his soundness in the Liberal creed, or his loyalty to the Liberal party. But then it is said "he has 'fads' of his own, which we don't like." Mr. Bright is a crochety man. Most men who have individuality of character, combined with force and tenacity of purpose, elevated by a religious enthusiasm for justice and truth, are so distinguished, and so run frequently athwart the common practical usage that is considered good enough for most purposes by the generality of men. But Mr. Bright, if crochety, pursues his crochety course in very good company, and it is somewhat singular that most of his "fads" are shared by the public men whom his bitterest Tory opponents chiefly delight to honour. Mr. Birley is as deeply pledged to the United Kingdom Alliance party, or to the Woman's Suffrage movement as Mr. Bright; and Mr. Richard Haworth, whose name is being very freely mentioned in Manchester political circles just now, is even more prominent than he in indignant opposition to the Contagious Diseases Acts. It is said by a busy circle of detractors that Mr. Bright is unpopular, and it is probably true that he has severe and dissatisfied critics among the Liberal ranks. But we have no real evidence of his unpopularity. If to be cheered for three minutes continuously at a crowded mid-day town's meeting be any proof, we admit that he is unpopular, and we venture to add that the same kind of unpopularity would attend him at any great meeting of Liberal working men—now the real grit and voting power of the constituency—in Hulme, St. Michael's, or New Cross.

THE ELECTION AND THE BARREL.

SCENE.—Somewhere in England. MESSRS. BARKER and RAPER listening at a door.

Mr. Barker. I say, Raper, I can smell that there's a brewers' meeting here. Bless me, I must be getting deaf, I can't make out what they say. Just put your lug to the key-hole.

Mr. Raper. Upon my life, it's a brewers' meeting. I say, Barker, just keep quiet a bit till I hear what they are after.

Voice from Inside. I will do it willingly. I'll stand the whole of the expenses of any candidate brought forward by the Conservatives, who is not pledged to the Alliance.

Mr. Barker. Oh! Raper. Hold me up. Here's a go. That must be the Colonel.

Mr. Raper. It's all up a tree with us now. Just let's go and have a drop of Deakin's XX to cool us. [Exeunt, arm-in-arm.]

NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

ALAS for advancing age! How slow we are to recognise its warning lessons! Mr. Alderman Booth complains that, while formerly he could read St. Peter's clock from Deansgate, he can now tell the time with difficulty from the Theatre Royal; and he attributes the failing to the fact that the fingers are gilt. Mr. Alderman Murray makes a similar complaint that he cannot read St. Thomas's clock at Ardwick, because the fingers are black. With respect to the new Town Hall, there is a prospect of land at last. By hurrying on the contracts, the architect believes that the whole building may be ready for use in August. Only the clock, bells, and organ will not be ready for some time afterwards. It is now proposed by the clock sub-committee, which has the subject in charge, to increase the scale of bells from seventeen to twenty-one. Mr. Stewart says, in his sharp way, that the committee have bells on the brain, but the community will probably not grudge the extra expenditure, which will give them the best peal in the kingdom. When good men fall their good works follow them, and we sincerely congratulate Mr. R. T. Walker, and the ward he so zealously represented, on the probability of the early completion of his darling scheme of a good public hall for that populous district. The motion to proceed at once with the building was not, however, adopted, in consequence of a suggestion by Mr. Alderman Grundy, that, probably, the old Livesey Street Police Station, which has passed into the hands of the Health Committee, might be utilised, and that the decision might, therefore, be delayed for a month. The discussion was not notable, except for the nickname bestowed by Mr. W. Brown upon the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway—he called it the "Hell and Wye"—and for Ab-o'-th'-Yate's maiden speech. Mr. Brierley had the compliment paid him of a hushed silence while he spoke, and he justified the curiosity of the council, by hitting the nail on the head, in a single sentence. He said that the whistling of railway engines about this place was so great that a speaker could not make himself heard in the building, and a public singer would scarcely care to contend with such a shrieking obligato. We sympathise with Mr. Stewart in his plea for New Cross Ward, which is equally necessitous and deserving with St. Michael's, and we trust his legitimate desires will be speedily gratified.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

A Poor Publican.—Please don't; think of the poor public.

The Boulder in Queen's Park.—We never heard a bolder assertion. Consider your self bowled out.

X. (Hulme).—A very old story, culminated from the life of Theodore Hook.

Keystone.—Your letter is by no means a keen note.

X. Y. Z. (On cremation).—Declined with thanks. We ourselves are in favour of cremation, as it spares the waste-paper basket, but you can have your MS. back if you like.

Ginger Pop.—Your remarks on this popular drink are not calculated to please the populace to any great extent.

Reader (Pendleton).—The only funny part of your contribution is where you make Moses rhyme with goat.

Windycare.—Mere wind, and not as you seem to think, poetry.

My Sal.—We do not want any of your salutes: take a salutary hint.

Admirer.—But your admiration is no excuse for throwing mire.

Hung Out to Dry.—Wet blankets need some such treatment.

Henry Cooper.—We must decline to cooperate.

The Tea Urn (First attempt by F.F.).—We should advise you to try some other occupation if you want to earn your living.

A Song of Mine.—Not dug from a mine of song, anyhow.

Brandish (At present travelling in the North of England).—No great shakes.

RECEIVED.—"Brass Knocker;" "Disgusted;" "Volunteer;" "Be Councillor Bailey;"

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WHOLESALE AGENTS:—John Heywood, Deansgate; W. H. Smith & Son, Brown Street; Heywood & Son, Oldham Street; J. Bohanna, Market Street; G. Renkaw, Bellhouse Street; M. McCarthy, Warren Street; and the Publishers.